(sheet the first)

Letter from W. Garrison.

Liverpool, August 1, 1846.

My Dear Quincy:

The Britannia arrived at this port yesterday afternoon, much to the satisfaction of all the passengers, and to the relief of many minds here; as our detention at Halifax gave rise to considerable uneasiness. The damage she sustained by running upon a reef not far from the entrance of the harbor, caused her to leak considerably during the passage; but as the pump was worked by the engine which propelled her, there was no difficulty in keeping her free. Fortunately, we encountered no gale, and the wind was generally favorable, so that we could make use of our canvass; but, for the first ten days, we were completely enveloped in the fog, of which I have had quantum suff. to satisfy me for a long time to come. We had fog from Boston to Halifax — fog from Halifax to the Grand Banks — fog from the Grand Banks to Cape Race, and a long distance beyond; — fog at breakfast, fog at lunch, fog at dinner, fog at tea, and fog all night and all day. Nothing occurred on the voyage worth putting on record, excepting when the first glimpse of the sun was caught. Surely, "it is a pleasant thing to behold the light of the sun," especially after such a fog.

For two days past, Liverpool has been in a state of loyal delirium, in consequence of the visit of Prince Albert by special invitation, for the three-fold purpose of laying the corner-stone of a large and costly building for the benefit of seamen — being present at the formal opening of a new dock called by his name — and gratifying public curiosity. The newspapers give the particulars of the movements, appearance, sayings and doings of the Prince, ~~with a particularity~~ in a manner that not merely "borders on the ridiculous," but is childish in the extreme. The best thing that can be said of him is, that he is a harmless, well-behaved, good-looking young man, has no distinctive character, and is a mere appendage to the throne. But he is the husband of Victoria; and, whether from gallantry or a fondness for display, the people almost idolize Victoria. His visit of Prince Albert has been a costly affair to individuals, and to the city. The number of people drawn by it

into Liverpool from the surrounding country was immense. Human ingenuity was exhausted to give brilliancy and effect to the spectacle. Never did I behold so gorgeous a sight as was presented by the shipping in the harbor, ten thousand flags of all colors, shapes and nations floating in the breeze, and ~~filling~~ meeting the eye in every direction. ~~the air, as it were, with~~ Not arriving till the afternoon of the day of the grand celebration, we were a little too late to see the ceremonies performed, for ~~which~~ the particulars of which, see any of the Liverpool papers.

Before the Britannia got along side of the dock, my heart leaped with delight to recognize in the crowd of speakers, waiting impatiently to give me a loving greeting, Henry C. Wright and Richard D. Webb, of Dublin. I felt at once repaid for the peril we encountered near Halifax, for all the loss of comfort by the prevalence of fog across the Atlantic, and for the separation from the beloved friends in Boston. Happy, indescribably happy was our meeting. Henry is in good health, and time and toil excessive seem to have made no impression upon him. His cure at Graefenberg appears to have been an effectual one. Richard, when I left Liverpool for Boston in 1840, came expressly from Dublin ~~Boston~~ to give me the parting hand; and now he has come expressly to be the first to welcome me once more to the shores of England. I will not attempt to describe the pleasures I have already derived from his company. He is a man of genius, full of Irish wit and pleasantry, but, better than all this; true to the claims of suffering humanity, a clear-sighted abolitionist, and a world-embracing spirit. Of Henry C. Wright, I need say nothing. My appreciation of his character and labors is too well known to require any declarations from me at this time, on that point.

Being teetotallers all, we have made Brown's temperance hotel, in Clayton-square, our head-quarters; and I would recommend this hotel, and its worthy and attentive keeper, to the special patronage of the friends of temperance from the United States, visiting Liverpool. On Monday, we shall leave for London.

London, August 4, 1846.

We arrived from Liverpool last evening, having James H. Webb, (a brother of Richard,) his wife, and Maria Waring, in company with us. It was a delightful journey. O, the beauty of England! Our long-beloved, faithful and ever-devoted friend George Thompson met us at the depot, and took Henry and myself home with ~~me~~ him, — though Mrs. Thompson is at present absent for the benefit of her health, at Gravesend. Notwithstanding the immense popularity which has attended his brilliant career of philanthropy in this country — notwithstanding the honors which have been so prodigally heaped upon him — he still appears the same simple, unaffected man that he did during his memorable sojourn with us in New-England, in 1835 — a year never to be forgotten in the annals of American history. This indicates a noble mind and a truly great man. I shall spare no pains to persuade him to return with me to the United States. He thinks it will not be possible for him to do so, such are his engagements; but he fully intends being with us, Deo volente, at no distant day.

To-day, the World's Temperance Convention will commence its deliberations. Of course, I shall not fail to be present, and to send you some account of its proceedings. I must conclude abruptly, desiring to be affectionately remembered to all the true-hearted.

Yours, faithfully, to the end,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Letters for Lafayette.

PAID
1846

Edmund Quincy,
25 Cornhill,
Boston,
United States.
(Per steamer.)

U. S. Consul
Aug. 14. 1846.